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The BLACK TERROR

no. 1[illegible]

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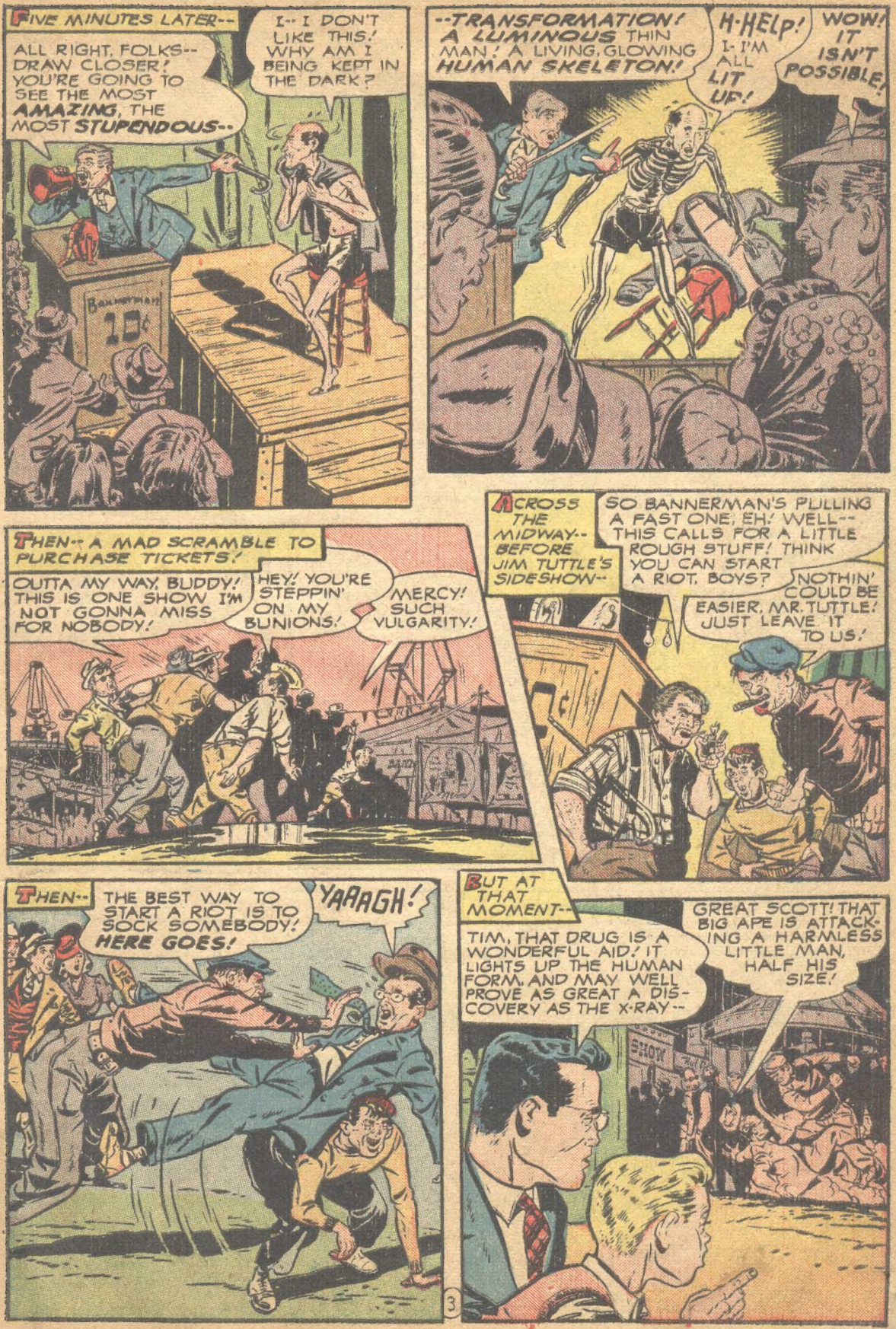
No. 16. October, 1946.

THE Black TERROR
AMIDST WINKING LIGHTS AND JOSTLING CROWDS AND A STRANGE MEDLEY OF GROTESQUE LITTLE PEOPLE, YOUNG BOB BENTON WAGES A TWO-FISTED BATTLE AGAINST TREACHERY AND EVIL CUNNING! SO HOLD ON TO YOUR SEATS AND WATCH HIM BLAZE INTO ACTION IN THE BLACK-GARBED, CRUSADING GUISE OF CRIME'S MOST RELENTLESS OPPONENT--THE BLACK TERROR!
CC-780
ON AN AMUSEMENT PARK'S GARISH MIDWAY--TWO RIVAL FREAK SHOWS ARE IN FULL SWING--
STEP THIS WAY, FOLKS! SEE THE GREATEST GALAXY OF FREAKS ON EARTH! NEMO--THE LIVING SKELETON! DR. TITUS--THE SWORD-SWALLOWING MARVEL OF THE AGES!
DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, FOLKS! THIS IS THE FINEST SHOW IN THE MIDWAY! SEE TIM THUMB--HE'S SO SMALL HE LIVES IN A PEANUT!

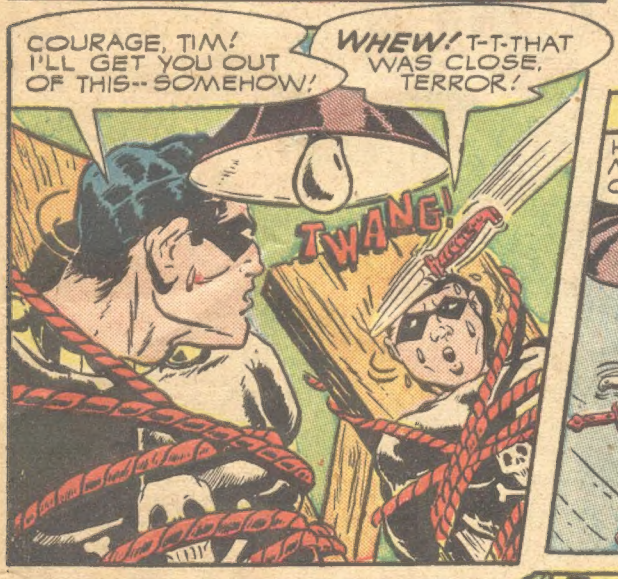
SUDDENLY--
OHHHHH!
YOU NEVER SAY ONE WORD ABOUT ME! I CAN GET MORE MONEY ACROSS THE WAY! I'M QUITTING RIGHT NOW-- SEE?
THEN--A MASS MIGRATION GETS UNDER WAY!
COME BACK HERE, YOU UNGRATEFUL WORMS! YOU'RE WALKING OUT ON THE BEST BOSS IN THE BUSINESS!
BAH! THE SHOW'S LOSING MONEY! WHY SHOULD WE STAY WITH IT?
IT'S TRUE, MARGIE! I--I JUST CAN'T PAY THEM THE KIND OF MONEY MY RIVAL, JIM TUTTLE, IS OFFERING THEM! HE--HE PUT THEM UP TO THIS!
KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, DAD! YOUR DAUGHTER'S A GIRL WITH IDEAS!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING--IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE--
SO THAT'S HOW IT IS, BOB! IF THE SHOW FOLDS UP, DAD WILL NEVER SURVIVE IT! HE'S BEEN IN THE SIDESHOW BUSINESS FOR SO LONG--WELL, HE'D BE A BROKEN MAN!
HMMM--YOU'VE GIVEN ME A TOUGH PRESCRIPTION TO FILL! BUT I'LL DO MY BEST!
A MOMENT LATER--
THIS NEW WONDER DRUG--CAMIANA--IS LITTLE KNOWN OUTSIDE THE MEDICAL PROFESSION! BUT I'VE A HUNCH--IT MAY BE JUST WHAT THE PRESCRIPTION CALLS FOR!
GOLLY, BOB! THANKS A MILLION!
THAT EVENING--BACK AT THE SIDESHOW--
OH, COME, NEMO! SWALLOW ONE OF THESE PILLS! BOB BENTON SAYS THEY'RE PERFECTLY HARMLESS!
I--I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOUR DAD, MISS BANNERMAN, BUT, AW SHUCKS--I GUESS THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO!
NEMO
G-GULP--IT T-TASTES OKAY!
C'MON, NEMO! OUT ON THE PLATFORM! I GOT A NEW BUILDUP ALL SET TO SPRING ON THE FOLKS THE MINUTE IT HAPPENS!

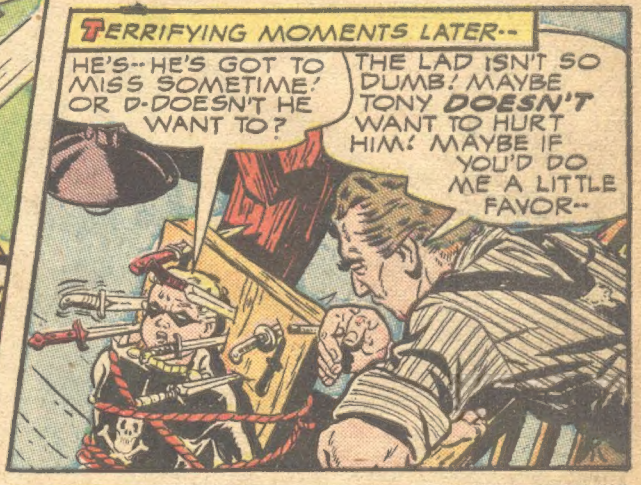

FIVE MINUTES LATER--
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS-- DRAW CLOSER! YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THE MOST AMAZING, THE MOST STUPENDOUS--
I-- I DON'T LIKE THIS! WHY AM I BEING KEPT IN THE DARK?
BANNERMAN
10¢
--TRANSFORMATION! A LUMINOUS THIN MAN! A LIVING, GLOWING HUMAN SKELETON!
H-HELP! I-I'M ALL LIT UP!
WOW! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!
THEN-- A MAD SCRAMBLE TO PURCHASE TICKETS!
OUTTA MY WAY, BUDDY! THIS IS ONE SHOW I'M NOT GONNA MISS FOR NOBODY!
HEY! YOU'RE STEPPIN' ON MY BUNIONS!
MERCY! SUCH VULGARITY!
ACROSS THE MIDWAY-- BEFORE JIM TUTTLE'S SIDESHOW--
SO BANNERMAN'S PULLING A FAST ONE, EH! WELL-- THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE ROUGH STUFF! THINK YOU CAN START A RIOT, BOYS?
NOTHIN' COULD BE EASIER, MR. TUTTLE! JUST LEAVE IT TO US!
THEN--
THE BEST WAY TO START A RIOT IS TO SOCK SOMEBODY! HERE GOES!
YAAAGH!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT--
TIM, THAT DRUG IS A WONDERFUL AID! IT LIGHTS UP THE HUMAN FORM, AND MAY WELL PROVE AS GREAT A DISCOVERY AS THE X-RAY--
GREAT SCOTT! THAT BIG APE IS ATTACKING A HARMLESS LITTLE MAN, HALF HIS SIZE!
SHOW
3

STEPPING INTO THE SHADOWS, BOB AND TIM QUICKLY ASSUME THEIR BLACK-GARBED ROLES!
QUICK, TIM! INTO YOUR COSTUME! THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN JUST A BULLY THROWING HIS WEIGHT AROUND!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING, TERROR!
EXIT
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO AGAINST SOME REAL OPPOSITION, BOYS!
OOW!
THEY'RE NOT DOING SO GOOD, TERROR!
IF YOU MUST THROW YOUR WEIGHT AROUND, MUG-- TRY IT THIS WAY!
BONG!
TEST YOUR
HERE YOU ARE, LUG! TAKE THESE BRASS KNUCKLES AND GET BACK OVER THERE! SMACK HIM WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED!
YEAH-- GIMME THOSE CLUNK-IRONS! I'LL FIX HIM!
10¢
THEN-- A TREACHEROUS BLOW FROM BEHIND!
GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE BIRDIES, TERROR!
TERROR! LOOK OUT!
SUDDENLY--PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!
EVERYBODY'S FIGHTIN', AN' BY JIMINY, I'M GONNA BE IN ON IT!
SAYS YOU!
AS THE TUMULT REACHES ITS HEIGHT--
HAH! THAT RIOT BROKE LOOSE JUST AT THE RIGHT MOMENT!
HURRY, BOYS-- GET THEM INSIDE!
TNT

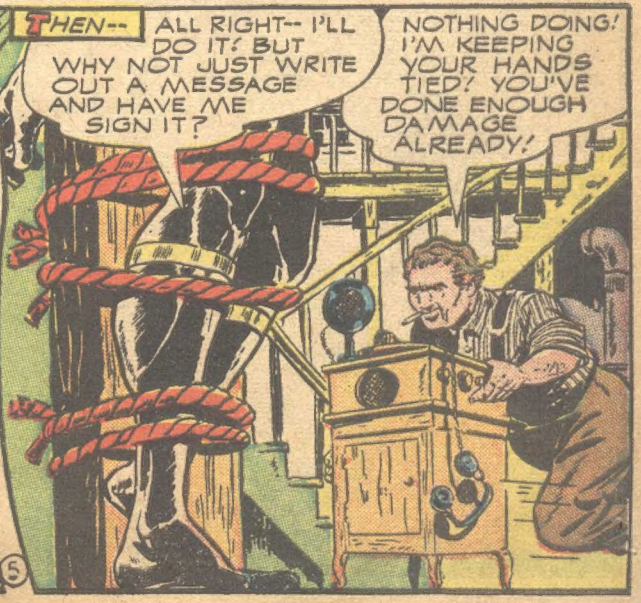
OH, MY-- MY HEAD!
TOO BAD WE HAD TO SLUG YOU, TERROR!. YOU'LL NEED A CLEAR HEAD TO DODGE THE KNIVES TONY HERE IS GOING TO THROW AT YOU!

BUT FIRST-- TONY WILL HAVE TO PRACTICE A BIT ON THE LAD! WHEN HE GETS WARMED UP HIS AIM IS GOOD! BUT HE HASN'T BEEN PRACTICING MUCH LATELY!
YOU DEVIL!


COURAGE, TIM! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS-- SOMEHOW!
WHEW! T-T-THAT WAS CLOSE, TERROR!
TWANG!


TERRIFYING MOMENTS LATER--
HE'S-- HE'S GOT TO MISS SOMETIME! OR D-DOESN'T HE WANT TO?
THE LAD ISN'T SO DUMB! MAYBE TONY DOESN'T WANT TO HURT HIM! MAYBE IF YOU'D DO ME A LITTLE FAVOR--

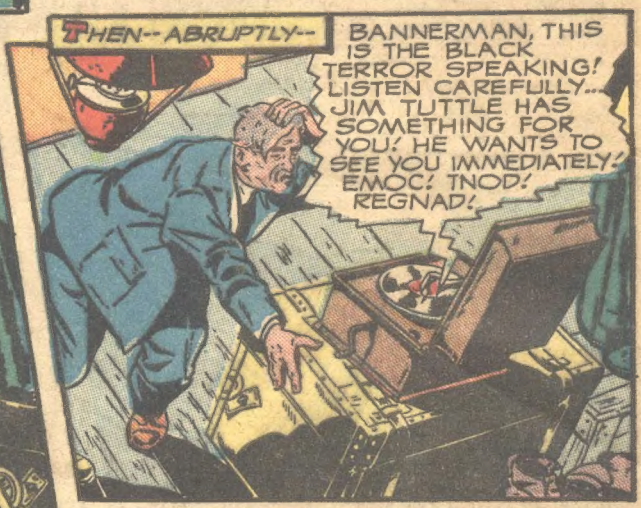
YOU CAN SAVE THE KID IF YOU'LL JUST SPEAK A FEW WORDS ON A PHONOGRAPHIC RECORDING! THAT ISN'T MUCH TO ASK-- IS IT?
CAN'T BREAK-- THESE ROPES! I'LL HAVE TO AGREE-- TO SAVE TIM AND SPAR FOR TIME!

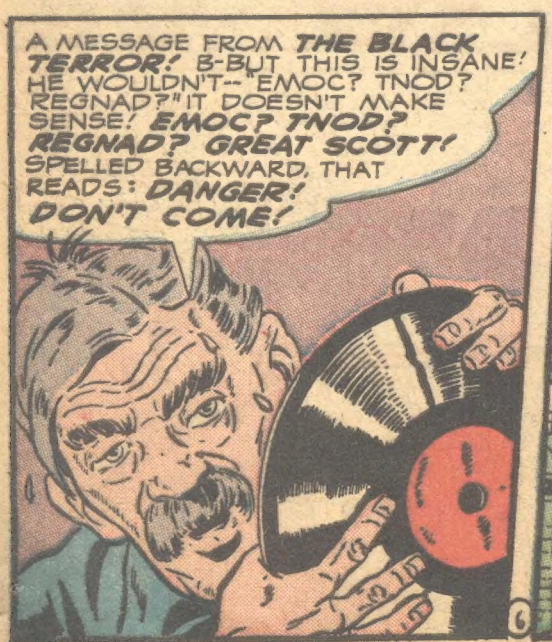

THEN--
ALL RIGHT-- I'LL DO IT! BUT WHY NOT JUST WRITE OUT A MESSAGE AND HAVE ME SIGN IT?
NOTHING DOING! I'M KEEPING YOUR HANDS TIED! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE ALREADY!

MEANWHILE-- AT BANNERMAN'S SIDESHOW--
I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU DID FOR ME, NEMO! AS LONG AS THOSE PILLS HOLD OUT, WE'LL BE PACKING THEM IN!
BOB BENTON DESERVES PART OF THE CREDIT, DAD! I THINK HE'S JUST WONDERFUL!

LATER--
HMMM! MARGIE'S SETTING HER CAP FOR THAT YOUNG BENTON FELLOW! I WONDER-- HUH?
HERE'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU, MISTER! IT'S GOTTA BE PLAYED OFF ON A PHONOGRAPH! MY BOSS SAYS YOU HAVE ONE!

IT'S A GOOD THING THAT KID CAUGHT ME JUST AS I WAS LEAVING! HMMM-- I WONDER WHAT SORT OF A MESSAGE IS ON THIS RECORD?


THEN-- ABRUPTLY--
BANNERMAN, THIS IS THE BLACK TERROR SPEAKING! LISTEN CAREFULLY-- JIM TUTTLE HAS SOMETHING FOR YOU! HE WANTS TO SEE YOU IMMEDIATELY! EMOC! TNOD! REGNAD!


A MESSAGE FROM THE BLACK TERROR! B-BUT THIS IS INSANE! HE WOULDN'T-- EMOC? TNOD? REGNAD?" IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! EMOC? TNOD? REGNAD? GREAT SCOTT! SPELLED BACKWARD, THAT READS: DANGER! DON'T COME!

TUTTLE MUST BE HOLDING THE BLACK TERROR PRISONER! HE RISKED HIS LIFE TO WARN ME AND-- TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY!

OPEN UP IN THERE! OPEN UP-- OR I'LL COME IN SHOOTING!

YOU'RE A HYENA, TUTTLE! I'M COMING IN AND-- AAGH!
BANG!

BANNERMAN! I'M SORRY! YOU WALKED RIGHT INTO THE TRAP THAT RAT BAITED FOR YOU!
BUT I GOT YOUR WARNING, TERROR! I-- I CAME HERE TO RESCUE YOU!

I'M GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOUR DAUGHTER, BANNERMAN! I'M SURE I CAN PERSUADE HER TO SEE THINGS MY WAY! SHE'S VERY FOND OF YOU--
I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID ABOUT YOU, TUTTLE! YOU'RE NOT A HYENA! YOU'RE A FIRST-CLASS SKUNK!

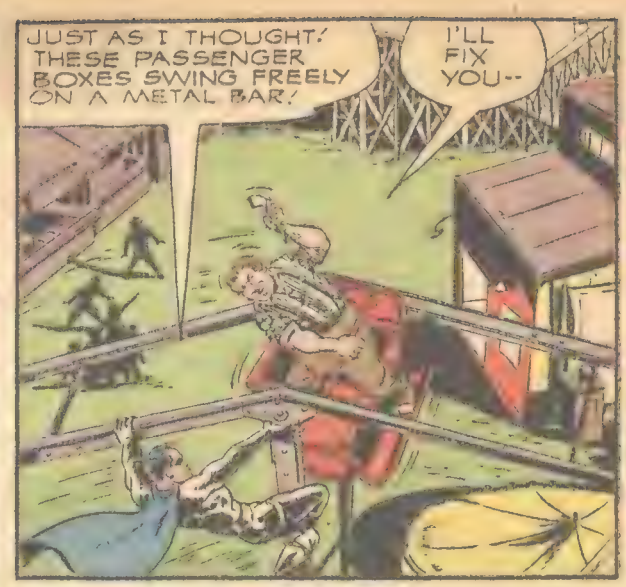
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! CARRY THEM DOWN INTO THE CELLAR! I'VE ANOTHER LITTLE SURPRISE FOR THEM!

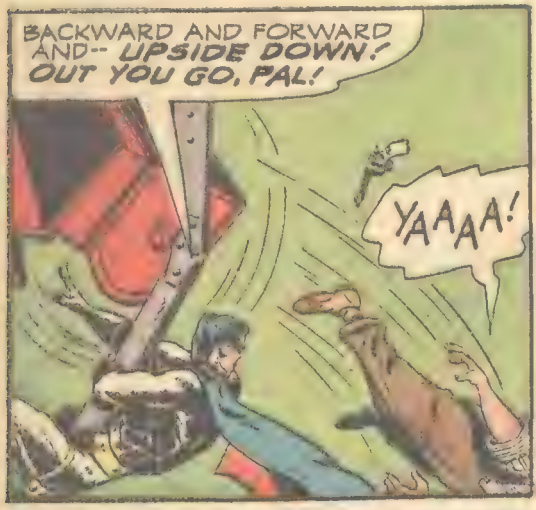
WHEN THE WATER RISES, THOSE BOARDS WILL FLOAT UP TOWARD THE CEILING! YOU'LL BE BATTERED SENSELESS BEFORE YOU DROWN, BUT-- THAT'S YOUR LOOKOUT!

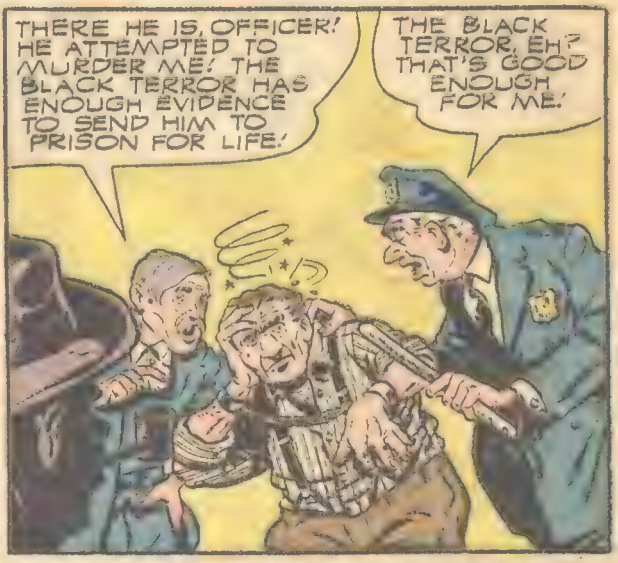
RAPIDLY-- THE WATER RISES!
WE'RE GETTING CLOSER TO THE CEILING!
WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, TIM!
THESE ROPES ARE LOOSENING UP A BIT, IF-- I CAN RAISE MY KNEES- I MIGHT--UMPHHH!
TERROR! WE'VE REACHED THE CEILING!
OHHHH!
WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE-- THE TERROR MAKES A RAM ROD OF HIS KNEES!
I DID IT!
E-E-RACK!
THIS JAGGED EDGE OF THE CEILING WILL CUT THE ROPES!
R-RASP!
R-RASP!
A MOMENT LATER--
WHEW! I WOULDN'T WANT TO GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN!
HOLD ON, BANNERMAN! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A JIFFY!
AT THAT MOMENT--
BOB BENTON PROMISED TO BE HERE TONIGHT TO WATCH NEMO PERFORM! OH, DEAR, HE'LL NEVER SHOW UP NOW! IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT!
Midway

GOOD EVENING, MISS BANNERMAN! I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU!
W--WHY--WHAT IS IT, MR. TUTTLE?
SO YOU SEE--IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR YOUR DAD IF YOU DON'T DO JUST AS I SAY! I WANT YOU TO FIRE NEMO, AND CLOSE UP THE CONCESSION!
MY DAD! YOU SAY HE'S--OHHHH!
SUDDENLY--
I'LL BUY UP YOUR FATHER'S SHOW FOR A SONG WHEN--THE BLACK TERROR!
THAT'S RIGHT, TUTTLE! WE HAD AN URGE TO MUSS YOU UP A LITTLE!
COME BACK HERE--AND TAKE YOUR POISON!
ULP--IF I CAN REACH THAT PASSENGER BOX BEFORE IT SWINGS UP AGAIN--
WUP! MADE IT!
I'LL GET YOU--IF I HAVE TO EMPTY THE CLIP!

THEN--A BREATHTAKING LEAP!
THE HIGHER YOU GO THE HARDER YOU'LL FALL-- YOU FOOL!


JUST AS I THOUGHT! THESE PASSENGER BOXES SWING FREELY ON A METAL BAR!
I'LL FIX YOU--


BACKWARD AND FORWARD AND-- UPSIDE DOWN! OUT YOU GO, PAL!
YAAAA!


THERE HE IS, OFFICER! HE ATTEMPTED TO MURDER ME! THE BLACK TERROR HAS ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO SEND HIM TO PRISON FOR LIFE!
THE BLACK TERROR, EH? THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

THE NEXT NIGHT--
BUT MARGIE, ALL BOB BENTON DID WAS LIGHT NEMO UP! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR YOU OUGHT TO THANK! HE SAVED MY LIFE!
I KNOW, DAD, BUT THE BLACK TERROR IS JUST A MAN IN A MASK! AND BOB IS SO GOOD-LOOKING!
Tuttle's
10¢
WATCH THE NEXT ISSUE FOR ANOTHER THRILLING BLACK TERROR STORY!

THE BLACK TERROR
OUT OF THE LITTLE KNOWN AMAZON JUNGLES COMES A BAND OF FEROCIOUS TRIBESMEN···FORTIFIED BY A MYSTERIOUS COMPOUND··· SERVING A MURDEROUS MASTER! DRAWING UPON BOTH HIS SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE AND HIS SECRET STRENGTH, BOB BENTON SWEEPS INTO ACTION AGAINST THE FANTASTIC THREAT···AS THE UNRIVALED BLACK TERROR!
CC-615
AT BOB BENTON'S MAIN STREET PHARMACY···
"HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION. YACHT DOCKS NINE TONIGHT AT MUNICIPAL PIER. DON'T NOTIFY PRESS." HOW COME DR. CARLTON SENT THIS RADIOGRAM TO YOU, JEAN?
AS THE MAYOR'S SECRETARY, I'M A SORT OF ONE-WOMAN RECEPTION COMMITTEE, BOB!
BESIDES···WHEN DR. CARLTON LEFT TO COLLECT MORE RELICS OF THE YAKUPI TRIBE, HE LEFT HIS KEYS TO THE CIVIC MUSEUM WITH ME!
1

I REMEMBER SEEING DR. CARLTON'S EXHIBIT AFTER HIS LAST EXPEDITION! JUST WHO ARE THESE VAKUPIS, ANYWAY?
THEY ONCE RULED AN IMMENSE AREA OF BRAZIL, TIM! BEFORE THEY WENT INTO A DECLINE---OTHER TRIBES BELIEVED THE VAKUPIS COULDN'T BE KILLED IN COMBAT!
I'M CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT CARLTON'S FOUND! DON'T SUPPOSE WE COULD GO TO THE PIER WITH YOU, EH?
DON'T FORGET IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET! WHY NOT DROP IN ACCIDENTALLY AT THE MUSEUM AT ABOUT TEN?
Later that night...
HOW COME WE'LL NEED OUR COSTUMES AT THE MUSEUM, TERROR?
AN EXPLORER ORDINARILY WELCOMES PUBLICITY, TIM! IF DR. CARLTON IS KEEPING MUM THIS TIME---HIS DISCOVERY MUST BE SOMETHING WORTH GUARDING!
2 MINUTES LATER...
GET BACK INTO THAT CAR! THE MUSEUM'S CLOSED!
IT SHOULD BE, MUG---BUT I HAVE A HUNCH IT ISN'T!
FUNNY---I THOUGHT ALL THE QUEER SPECIMENS WERE INSIDE!
WE MAY RUN INTO A FEW AT THAT, TIM!
KEYS, EH? THIS GETS MORE INTERESTING BY THE SECOND!
WAM
2

GOLLY, TERROR --- THE KEY CASE HAS DR. CARLTON'S NAME ON IT!
THEY MUST HAVE GOTTEN IT FROM JEAN! LET'S SEE WHAT GOES ON!
IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN WING---
THIS IS THE ONE, BOYS--- WITH THE WITCH-DOCTOR'S MAGIC MARKINGS!
BLAZES! HOW'D THESE COOTS GET PAST OUR LOOKOUTS, WADDELL?
VAKUPI AMAZON BASIN
THIS WILL GIVE YOU A ROUGH IDEA, MUG!
POW!
AND WE DO MEAN ROUGH!
CAREFUL HOW YOU AIM, TIM--- WE DON'T WANT TO BREAK ANYTHING!
BANG!
SOK!
COME ON! WE'VE FIDDLED AROUND LONG ENOUGH!
NOW THAT I'VE GOT A BOW--- WATCH ME FIDDLE!
THUNDERATION, WADDELL--- DON'T DROP THIS!

GREAT GADFREY ... THEY'RE WORKING ON WADDELL!
YIPE! JUMP, TERROR!
NOT QUITE AS BIG AS A TANK ... BUT IT WORKS!
IF YOU THINK THEY'RE DYNAMITE ... WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT'S IN THIS JAR!
LET'S GET MOVING, TIM!
BANG!
GOSH, TERROR ... THEY'VE GOT OUR CAR!
WE CAN USE JEAN'S! SHE LEAVES IT IN A PARKING LOT A FEW BLOCKS AWAY!
SOON AFTERWARD ... ABOARD DR. CARLETON'S YACHT ...
THAT'S THE VAKUPI VASE I BROUGHT BACK FIVE YEARS AGO!
I MADE A BARGAIN WITH THOSE HEATHEN DEVILS, CARLTON ... AND I'M GONNA KEEP IT! BRING 'EM OUT, SANDY!

Minutes Later···
GET READY FOR ACTION, TIM··· IN BOATLOADS!
CRIPES! HOW'D THEY KNOW WE GRABBED THE YACHT?
ASK THE STARS, PUNK ···YOU'LL BE SEEING PLENTY OF 'EM!
POW!
CHALK UP A TWO-BAGGER, TIM!
Z-Z-ZZIP!
CRASH!
GREAT! LET'S TRY TO RUN UP THE SCORE!
GOOD HEAVENS! THOSE BRUTES CAN'T BE HUMAN!
THAT'S JEAN'S VOICE! SHE'S INSIDE THE CABIN!
STRIKE ME PINK! IT'S HIM AGAIN!
PINK IS CORNY, RAT! HOW ABOUT SETTLING FOR BLACK AND BLUE?
IF THERE'S ANYTHING SETTLED, MATE··· IT'LL BE YOU!
WHAM!

...WITH HIS UTMOST POWER UNLEASHED...
AH! GOT A FEW INDIANS ON THE WARPATH, EH?
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SCALPS, CHUM... TAKE A GRAB AT MINE!
CRRRRAK!
POW!
WHAM!
MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING YOU TWO DID TURN UP...NOW THAT THE YAKUDIS HAVE TAKEN SOME OF THEIR MAGIC POWDER!
MORE OF THEM! TERROR... BE CAREFUL!
THEY'LL BE READY TO TAKE ANOTHER POWDER BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH!
KOK!
ATTACKING WITH TERRIBLE FEROCITY...
WHATEVER THAT VASE CONTAINED...IT CERTAINLY HAS THEM HOPPED UP!
POW!
CRRRRAK!

HE'S WEDGED TIGHT AGAINST THE PIER! HAUL FAST ON THAT HAWSER!
WAM!
CLAMPED UNDER CRUSHING PRESSURE···
SHIP'S···EDGING CLOSER! I···I CAN'T MOVE!
HAH! IF HE CAN'T STOP THESE VAKUPIS ···NO ONE ELSE WILL!
YOU CAN'T SET THESE SAVAGES AT LARGE, WADDELL! IN THIS CONDITION···THEY'RE MURDEROUS!
YEAH? I DO! YOU KNOW ANY BETTER WAY TO GRAB MONEY?
WE'LL SEND ANOTHER FAKE RADIOGRAM TO THE MUSEUM···SAYING YOU WANT PRIVACY··· AND USE YOUR COUNTRY PLACE AS A HEADQUARTERS!
SOON AFTERWARD···
DRIVE BACK AND PICK UP THOSE OTHER VAKUPIS, MANSON! YOU CAN MAKE IT IN TWO TRIPS!

IN THE LARGE, STONE-WALLED CELLAR---
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING THEY CAN DIG THEIR WAY OUT WITH, WADDELL!
WE'RE GONNA MAKE SURE! GRAB ONE OF THESE BAGS OF CEMENT!
LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT GRATING NOISE OUTSIDE THE DOOR?
A TROWEL! THEY'RE SEALING US IN, JEAN!
WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT SOMEHOW!
I'M AFRAID NOT, TERROR! THAT STONE IS TWO FEET THICK--- REINFORCED WITH STEEL RODS!
CLANK!
NO WINDOWS, EITHER! THIS LOOKS BAD!
YOU SEE, I HAD THE CELLAR BUILT AS A DARKROOM--- TO PHOTOGRAPH AND X-RAY ARCH-AEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS!
A BOTTLE OF SULPHURIC ACID ---AN X-RAY APPARATUS---AND AN OLD LAWN-MOWER! NOT MUCH HERE TO DO WITH!
WHAT ABOUT THIS FILE, TERROR?
WE'D WEAR IT DOWN BEFORE THE STONE WAS BARELY SCRATCHED, TIM!
THE AIR IS GETTING CLOSE!
HOURS LATER---WITH A CLAMMY CHILL RISING FROM THE MASSIVE WALLS---
SLOW SUFFOCA-TION! WE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER, TERROR!
GOLLY! JEAN'S FAINTED!

SMELLING SALTS··· IN PURSE···
WISH I HAD KNOWN ABOUT THAT BEFORE! A FEW OUNCES OF AMMONIA ARE ALL WE NEED!
SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT PRESENTLY, TERROR!
GOOD! TAKE THIS, TIM···AND GET SOME IRON FILINGS FROM THE WHEELS OF THAT LAWN MOWER!
A moment later...
HERE'S THE IRON, TERROR! WHAT'S IT FOR, ANYWAY?
ADDED TO THE SULPHURIC ACID, TIM···WE'LL HAVE A POWERFUL SOLUTION OF FERROUS SULPHATE!
THAT CHANGES THE ACID HYDROGEN IN THE AMMONIA TO AN ALKALINE RADICAL ···PRODUCING AN AMMONIUM COMPOUND!
THAT COULD BE EXPLOSIVE; TERROR ···BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SULPHUR AND IRON?
THEY'LL BE NEUTRALIZED BY IONIZATION! BESIDES THE AMMONIUM ···WE SHOULD GET A POWERFUL FORM OF OKYHYDROGEN!
I'LL TRY TO DIRECT THE FORCE OF THE BLAST UPWARD···BUT YOU'D BETTER LIE FLAT!
ROGER! WE'RE ALL SET, TERROR!
AN INSTANT LATER···ON THE FLOOR ABOVE···
BA-ROOM!

YAAAGH!
LET'S MAKE SURE THESE RATS STAY FLOORED, TIM!
BOW!
CRASH!
THIS IS A NEW KIND OF INDIAN CLUB!
BLAM!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
HOW ABOUT TESTING THAT CEMENT JOB, WADDELL?
CRAAAAK!
BANG!
AFTER FIVE FURIOUS MINUTES...
OKAY...YOU WIN!...WHEN THE VAKUPIS TOLD ME THEIR MAGIC POWDER HAD BEEN ACCIDENTALLY GIVEN TO DR. CARLTON...I PROMISED TO GET IT BACK IF THEY'D WORK WITH ME!
MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THIS, JEAN! YOUR FRIEND BENTON CAN PROBABLY ANALYZE THE POWDER!
Later...
IT'S A FORM OF CURARE, JEAN...CAUSING A DANGEROUS HYPNOTIC FRENZY! BET THOSE VAKUPIS WERE TOUGH, EH?
OH...THAT DIDN'T BOTHER THE BLACK TERROR A BIT, BOB! HE THRIVES ON TOUGHNESS!
LIKE A TWO-FISTED WHIRLWIND...THE BLACK TERROR SMASHES INTO ACTION AGAIN...IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

SOUND OF GUILT

By
GERALD DEVERS

Young Danny Kelly Keeps His Eyes and Ears Open When He Suspects Foul Play!

DANNY KELLY was the ten-year-old son of a police officer, and the boy wanted to be a sergeant just like his father when he grew up. Danny had just come home from school and his mother had sent him out to buy some groceries.

"Hello, Mr. Clark," said Danny as he stepped into the little grocery store a block from where the Kelly family lived, and then he realized there was a stranger behind the counter. "Sorry—I thought you were Mr. Clark."

"That's all right, son," said the man. "Clark wasn't feeling well this afternoon so I am taking care of the store for him." He smiled at the boy. "What can I do for you?"

"I want a quart of milk and—" Danny hesitated, staring at the edge of the counter.

"And what?" asked the man behind the counter.

"I—I forget," said Danny. "Mother told me to get the milk and I think there were two other things she wanted."

"Bread, eggs, butter?"

"I don't think so," said Danny. "Maybe I better go back home and get a list."

"You better hurry, then," said the man, glancing at the clock on the shelf behind him. "I'm closing up at five-thirty."

"Mr. Clark didn't close until six," said Danny. "But I'll hurry, Mr.—?"

"Joe Smith is the name."

From the rear of the store there came a thumping sound. Smith frowned as he heard it, and glanced at the boy.

"Must be rats back there," Smith said. "You better hurry if you want to get back before I close."

Danny stepped to the door. Outside he met a gray-haired man in a gray overcoat and soft hat.

It was his father, the sergeant, in plain clothes.

"Oh, Dad," Danny called. "Come into the store, please. Mother sent me for some groceries and I forgot what she wanted."

Sergeant Kelly walked into the store. Beside the counter Smith stood silently watching the man and the boy.

"Where's Clark?" asked Kelly.

"He's sick," explained Danny. "Mr. Smith is taking care of the store for him."

"That's right," said Smith. "The boy couldn't remember what he wanted to get so I told him to go home and ask his mother."

"I remember now," said Danny. "It was a quarter of a pound of American cheese—and a can of chicken noodle soup. That was it. Will you get those for me, please, Mr. Smith?" The boy turned to his father. "I just remembered the answer to that arithmetic problem that we were trying to work out, Dad. It is sixteen—four—eight—three—two."

"Sixteen — four — eight — three — two," repeated the sergeant. Then suddenly he reached into his pocket and drew his gun and covered Smith. "All right, Smith," snapped Kelly. "Where's Clark?"

Danny ran to the back of the store and found the grocer lying on the floor, his hands and feet tied, and his forehead bleeding from a deep cut. He was also gagged.

"So that's it," said Kelly. "You knocked out Clark and tied him up and were going to pretend you were keeping the store for him until you closed up—then you could rob the place without being bothered. Good thing Danny was smart—he told me something was wrong when he gave me the radio car signal for a suspicious character being seen. At least those are the signal numbers we use."

"But what made the boy suspect me?" asked Smith after he was in custody. "I don't understand that."

"I saw bloodstains at the edge of the counter," said Danny. "And then when I heard the noise of Mr. Clark thumping his feet on the floor and you said the sound was made by rats, I knew there was surely something wrong. There are no rats here. Mr. Clark keeps four cats in the store all the time!"

Little UGH
MARC T. STRANAHAN

UH-UH! BETTER NOT!
IDEA

The BLACK Terror
DEMOCRACY
A GROUP OF SELF-SEEKING MEN AIMS TO USE OUR RETURNING SOLDIERS AS A SPEARHEAD TO SET UP A FASCIST AMERICA! BUT THEY RECKON WITHOUT THE DEMOCRATIC TRADITIONS OF OUR FIGHTING MEN--AND THEY RECKON WITHOUT THE MIGHTY BULWARK OF DEMOCRACY ITSELF--THE STALWART BLACK TERROR!
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BOB AND TIM GREET A YOUNG FRIEND BACK FROM THE WARS--
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, JIMMY!
I'M GLAD TO BE BACK! EXPECT A DISCHARGE IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS!
SAY, BOB--JIMMY GOT HIMSELF A FLOCK OF MEDALS, TOO!
JUST THEN--
HOW ABOUT SOME SERVICE HERE, BUD? I GOT FIFTY BUCKS AND I WANT FIRST-AID STUFF TO ADD UP TO THAT! PLENTY OF BANDAGES AND IODINE! MAKE IT SNAPPY!
JUST A MINUTE! EXCUSE ME, JIMMY!
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HERE IT IS, SOLDIER! MAYBE IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT WHAT DO YOU NEED ALL THAT STUFF FOR?
IT'S FOR MY ORGANIZATION, CALLED THE "PATRIOTIC AMERICANS"! YOU HOID OF US! WE'RE ORGANIZING THE VETERANS, AND GOING TO KICK ALL THE FOREIGNERS OUT OF THIS COUNTRY! US ARYANS ARE GOING TO TAKE OVER AND RUN THINGS!
WE SOLDIERS DID THE FIGHTING AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO DO THE RULIN'!
LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY FIGHTING HE EVER DID IS WITH HIS BIG MOUTH!
THE "PATRIOTIC AMERICANS", EH? YES--I HEARD OF THEM!
GET WISE TO YERSELF, BUDDY! WE'RE HOLDING A RALLY AT CASEY'S GROVE THIS AFTERNOON! COME DOWN AND GET AN EARFUL!
HMM--MAYBE I WILL! AT CASEY'S GROVE, EH?
SO LONG, BOB! SEE YOU AROUND!
YOU KNOW, TIM--I THINK IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF THE TERROR TWINS SHOWED UP AT THAT MEETING! I'VE HEARD THINGS ABOUT THAT OUTFIT CALLING THEMSELVES "PATRIOTIC AMERICANS" WHICH PROVE THEY'RE ANYTHING BUT PATRIOTIC!
BOB AND TIM TRANSFORM THEMSELVES INTO THE MIGHTY BLACK TERROR AND HIS YOUNG PARTNER!
THERE MIGHT BE SOME TROUBLE--AND NOTHING LIKE BEING READY FOR IT!
YIPPPEE--ACTION AT LAST!
LATER, AT CASEY'S GROVE--
WELL--HERE WE ARE! LOOK--THERE'S JIMMY!
LET'S LISTEN AND SEE WHAT THAT APE IS SOUNDING OFF ABOUT! THEY SURE ADVERTISED THIS MEETING ALL AROUND TOWN!

I TELL YUH THE FURRINERS ARE MOVING IN AND TAKING OVER OUR COUNTRY! ARE WE GOING TO STAND FOR DAT? BEAT 'EM UP! WE WANT ONLY PURE-BLOODED AMERICANS! WE SOJERS ARE GOING TO TAKE OVER!
LISTEN, YOU BIG PHONY! ALL AMERICANS WERE FOREIGNERS AT SOME TIME! AND I JUST GOT THROUGH FIGHTING THE KIND OF THING YOU'RE AGITATING FOR-- AND THAT'S FASCISM!
SHADDOP, YOU PUNK!
TAKE CARE OF HIM, "PATRIOTIC AMERICANS"! HE MUST'VE SWIPED THOSE MEDALS!
I LICKED YOUR COUSINS IN GERMANY AND I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU HERE! I DON'T THINK YOU BIRDS WERE EVER SOLDIERS AT ALL!
C'MON, TIM-- IT'S TIME WE TOOK A HAND!
WHAM!
LET'S GO!
IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!
THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT YOU MISFITS!
POW!
DOWN WE GO! SET 'EM UP IN THE NEXT ALLEY!
YOU MISSED-- BUT I DIDN'T!
I GUESS THEY HAD THE FIGHT KNOCKED OUT OF THEM!
LEMME OUTTA HERE! DAT TERROR-- HE ISN'T HUMAN!

YOU KNOW, I'VE MET A LOT OF G.I.'S IN MY TIME. BUT NEVER CAME ACROSS A BUNCH LIKE THAT!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JIMMY?
THEY'RE-- THEY'RE LIKE SOME STORM TROOPERS WE ONCE CAPTURED! FANATICS! NO INSIGNIA ON THEIR UNIFORMS EITHER!
TERROR-- LOOK! HERE IS ONE OF THOSE FASCIST PAMPHLETS THEY WERE SELLING!
HMMMM-- THE OLD NAZI PROPAGANDA ALL OVER AGAIN! HERE'S THE NAME OF THE PRINTER WHO PUT THEM OUT-- AND THE ADDRESS, TOO! I THINK WE'LL GO DOWN THERE, TIM-- AND LOOK AROUND!
WE'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND IT, JIMMY!
SHORT TIME LATER--
WELL-- HERE IT IS! NOT VERY APPETIZING! WONDER WHY A PRINTER WOULD WANT TO LOCATE IN THIS OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT!
LET'S GO INSIDE AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING! I CAN HEAR SOME PRESSES!
I SAW THE BOSS TODAY, AND HE WANTS THAT PROPAGANDA PRINTED FASTER! WE GOTTA SPEED UP! HE WAS SORE ON ACCOUNT OF THE MEETING WAS BROKEN UP BY THAT CURSED TERROR!
HE WON'T BE ABLE TO BREAK 'EM ALL UP! THE NAZIS HAD THEIR TROUBLES TOO, BEFORE THEY GOT TO THE TOP!
YEAH-- I KNOW! BUT WE GOTTA GET MORE REAL SOLDIERS TO JOIN UP! THE REAL VETS AREN'T SWALLOWING OUR LINE-- AND WE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING TO APPEAL TO 'EM!
WHATTA WE NEED THOSE BOY SCOUTS FOR? OUR BOYS IN UNIFORM ARE JUST AS GOOD!

IT-- IT'S THEM!
I THINK I'LL DROP A PROPAGANDA BOMBSHELL MYSELF!
FIRST...WE'LL STOP THIS THING FROM TURNING OUT THE VERMIN LIES!
STOP! STOP HIM!
KRASH!
TRY THAT FOR SIZE!
POW!
BANG! BANG!
SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE THIS!
CRACK!
OKAY, BOSS--WE GOT THIS LITTLE DEVIL, TOO! WHAT'LL WE DO WIT' 'EM?
TIE 'EM BOTH UP! I'LL FIX 'EM!
HEY, BOSS! I GOT TWO MORE STRONG ARM BOYS WHO WANNA WORK WITH US--
WHA--! YUH CAPTURED THE BLACK TERROR!
YEAH--HE WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE!
NOT WHEN I GET THROUGH WIT' HIM!
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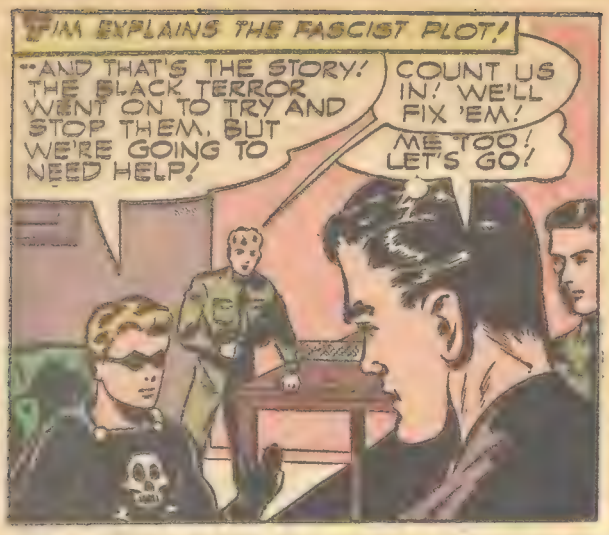
ALL RIGHT-- DON'T STAND AROUND! GET THOSE TWO NEW MEN INTO SOLDIER SUITS! PICK OUT A COUPLE!
I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE! LET'S GO, BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE SOLDIERS OUT OF YOU!
SO THAT'S THE SET-UP! I HAD AN IDEA YOU RATS WEREN'T REALLY VETERANS! TRYING TO PASS YOURSELVES AS SOLDIERS TO GET PUBLIC SYMPATHY!
SURE--SO WHAT? WE JUST BOUGHT A COUPLE HUNDRED UNIFORMS, AND ANYBODY WHO JOINS US GETS TO WEAR ONE! PRETTY SMART, EH?
THE PEOPLE WILL THINK IT'S A BUNCH OF VETERANS WHO WANT THINGS DONE LIKE DAT--AND SOON WE'LL GET SOME REAL VETS TO JOIN US!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THAT? YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THE AMERICAN PEOPLE!
I DON'T, EH? WELL-- WE'RE GOING TO START A REIGN OF TERROR RIGHT ACROSS THE COUNTRY! WE GOT GROUPS IN EVERY BIG CITY READY TO START RIOTS! EVERYBODY'LL THINK IT'S THE SOLDIERS!
ONCE WE'RE STARTED, THE SOLDIERS WILL JOIN US--OR ELSE! AND I'M GOING TO BE THE ONE WHO GIVES ORDERS IN THIS COUNTRY! WE GOT A BIG NAZI INDUSTRIALIST FINANCING US, TOO! ALL THE MONEY WE NEED!
THAT WARPED MIND OF YOURS IS IN FOR A DISAPPOINTMENT, MR. RAT!
ENOUGH TALK! GET THAT ROPE READY! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE HANGING, WIT' THE BLACK TERROR AS THE FIRST CUSTOMER!

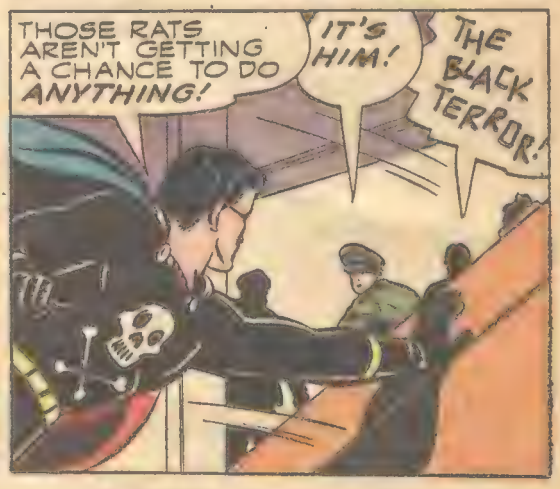
SAY YER PRAYERS, TERROR! YER NUMBER IS UP!
I'M NOT SO SURE!
AS THE SUPPORT IS PULLED FROM UNDER THE BLACK TERROR--
HE'S ALIVE! THE ROPE COULDN'T CUT THROUGH HIS NECK MUSCLES!
THIS ROPE COLLAR IS A BIT UNCOMFORTABLE!
SNAP!
DIE! CURSE YOU-- DIE!
HOLD IT, YOU FOOL! BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT ON HIM! WAIT--I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL BURY HIM ALIVE! EVEN THE BLACK TERROR HAS TO BREATHE!
YOU WON'T GET OUT OF THIS, TERROR! AND WHILE YOU'RE SMOTHERING TO DEATH, WE STRIKE OUR FIRST BLOW AGAINST DEMOCRACY! WE'RE BLOWING UP THE CITY COUNCIL AND ITS MEMBERS!
ONCE WE BLOW UP THE COUNCIL, THE BUSINESS MEN OF THIS CITY WILL BE FORCED TO PAY PROTECTION MONEY TO THE "PATRIOTIC AMERICANS" AND THAT WILL GIVE US MORE DOUGH TO CARRY OUT OUR PROGRAM! BURY 'EM, BOYS! WE'RE READY FOR ACTION!
TIM-- HOLD YOUR BREATH!

MUST-- GET-- FREE--!
AIR! MUST-- HAVE-- AIR!
IT'S GETTING-- TIM! MAYBE I CAN RUB THE ROPES OFF-- ON THIS TIN--! I-- MUST!
SUCCESS!
FREE! C'MON-- TIM-- WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!
AHHH-- AIR!
CRASH!
I-- THOUGHT-- THAT WAS THE-- END, TERROR! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A TERRIBLE WAY TO DIE!
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND, TIM! WE STILL HAVE OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US-- SAVING THE CITY COUNCIL!
A RACE TOWARD THE DOOMED CITY COUNCIL BUILDING--
WE'RE GOING TO NEED REINFORCEMENTS TO ROUND UP ALL THOSE RATS, TIM! THEY'RE KILLERS! HOP INTO THAT U.S.O. FOR SOLDIERS!
RIGHT! WE'LL MEET YOU THERE, TERROR!
U.S.O.


TIM EXPLAINS THE FASCIST PLOT!
--AND THAT'S THE STORY! THE BLACK TERROR WENT ON TO TRY AND STOP THEM. BUT WE'RE GOING TO NEED HELP!
COUNT US IN! WE'LL FIX 'EM!
ME TOO! LET'S GO!

I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE! THE BUILDING IS IN THE NEXT STREET!

MEANWHILE, THE FASCIST INVASION OF THE CITY COUNCIL HAS TAKEN PLACE!
NOBODY MOVE-- OR I'LL BLAST YUH!
THEY-- THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW UP THE BUILDING!
NO--YOU CAN'T DO THAT!


THOSE RATS AREN'T GETTING A CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING!
IT'S HIM!
THE BLACK TERROR!

YOU CAN GET HURT PLAYING AROUND WITH A TOY LIKE THAT!
POW!
CRACK!

KILL HIM! SHOOT!
FIRST...WE'LL PUT THIS BOMB CONNECTION OUT OF THE WAY!
HAIL, HAIL. THE GANG'S ALL HERE, TERROR!
LEMME AT 'EM!

THE TERROR TWINS LEAD THE SOLDIERS TO THE ATTACK!
NOW WE CAN FINISH OFF WHAT WE STARTED!
TAKE THAT UNIFORM OFF, RAT! IT WASN'T MADE TO BE WORN BY VERMIN LIKE YOU!
HEADS UP-- HERE COMES SOME GARBAGE!
START TALKING! WHERE DOES THIS NAZI WHO HAS BEEN FINANCING YOU HANG OUT? OR DO I HAVE TO HIT YOU AGAIN?
NO-- NO--! I'LL-- TALK!
HIS NAME IS HANS VON SCHLYE-- HE LIVES AT THE APPALAN APARTMENTS!
HOLD THIS BABY TOO, TIM! I'M OFF TO GET ONE MORE RAT-- A BIG ONE!
WE'VE PHONED TO THE FBI TO COLLECT THIS CARGO!
QUICK DASH TO THE APARTMENT OF THE NAZI INDUSTRIALIST--
ACH! VOT GIFFS?
THIS! C'MON-- YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF TALKING TO DO-- TO THE FBI!
WHAM
THE FOLLOWING DAY--
YOU MAY BE ABLE TO FOOL SOME OF THE SOLDIERS SOME OF THE TIME, BUT THE MAJORITY WILL SEE TO IT THAT THE THINGS THEY FOUGHT FOR--LIKE DEMOCRACY, ARE NOT UNDERMINED BY ANY VICIOUS GROUP FOR THEIR OWN ENDS!
BLACK TERROR SMASHES PHONY VETERANS OUT FIT & FASCIST THUGS USED AMERICAN UNIFORMS TO CARRY ON SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES!
Another blazing, two-fisted action story with BLACK TERROR in our next issue!

Cave Man KENNY
WELL, SON, YOU DID VERY WELL ON YOUR FIRST HUNTING TRIP... NOW YOU GET YOUR SECOND LESSON IN SURVIVING!
ME GOT FOOD, WHAT ELSE DO ME HAVE TO DO?
YOU GOT TO LEARN TO START FIRE AND COOK FOOD!
THERE IS WOOD, NOW YOU LIGHT! I CAN'T TELL HOW- YOU MUST FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF!
JUMPING MAMMOTHS, ME GOTTA FIGURE OUT ALL ALONE! I KNOW, WILL USE FLINT STONE TO MAKE SPARKS!

FLINT STONE WON'T WORK-ME RUB TWO STICKS TOGETHER!
WHAT ME GOING TO DO? THIS WON'T WORK EITHER!
2

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

By CHARLES S. STRONG

DAVID BRADLEY and Arthur Jackson were high up on the side of Mount Paulson. The mountain was one of the tougher peaks in the Rockies, and was a real challenge to mountain climbers from all parts of the country. As they climbed they were kidding each other.

"I get a big laugh out of a Sea Scout climbing a mountain," David told his companion. Arthur laughed, then replied:

"There are lots of things a Sea Scout learns than can be used anywhere."

The boys were equipped with mountain-climbing hammers for digging small footholds in the rocks at the steeper places, and they were fastened together by a length of stout rope.

They stopped for breath at the base of a rather steep, slippery stretch just before the peak was reached. Then David, who was the more experienced climber started out with his hammer to make footholds and handholds. He was just about to scramble over the top of the slippery stretch when his rope snagged on an outcropping.

David started to whip it oft the jagged stone, when Arthur called up to him:

"Take it easy, Mister, or you'll have both of us falling down into the ravine."

"Don't worry," David told him, "I've done this thousands of times. This is one part of this trip where we really need the rope, and I don't want anything to happen to it."

Jerking and whipping the safety rope, David and Arthur finally saw it slip loose from the rough stone, but when it came free, both of them let out a cry of dismay.

The constant rubbing against the stone had parted the rope about eight feet below David's belt, and it dropped down around Arthur, leaving David crouched against the steep slope where

he might lose his balance and fall back at any moment.

"Boy, oh boy," said Arthur. "Now you've done it. How are you going to get down from there?"

David held tight to his precarious perch, and shook his head slowly. Both boys were clear thinkers in an emergency of this kind, and David said:

"You've got plenty of slack there. See if you can't throw up the end of the rope, and I'll fasten it. You're all right, but I'll never be able to get down this slippery stretch without the rope. The least bit of dampness will throw me all the way down."

Arthur braced himself on a ledge about eight feet wide, and payed out a good bit of the rope. He swung it around and up over his head. David reached for it frantically, but it always fell short of his fingers.

"I guess we can't do it," David finally said. "The rope is too heavy."

"Take it easy," Arthur called up to him in encouragement. "I've got an idea."

The Sea Scout braced himself, then he took the sharp edge of his mountain-climbing hammer and broke the end of the threads on his knitted sweater. He started to unravel the sweater until he had enough yarn to reach from his spot to the place where David was marooned. Then he fastened the end of the yarn around a piece of rock.

Thus weighted, it was a simple matter to throw the yarn up to David. When the other boy held the woolen thread, Arthur tied his end to the heavier rope and then the safety rope was hauled up.

David made it fast to his belt and the boys continued their trip. When they were safely home, Arthur and David laughed about their experience, but David said: "You sure proved that Sea Scout business. That woolen thread was just like the leader lines they attach to the big hawsers."

Arthur agreed, and felt rather proud of his clever rescue stunt.

Arthur Jackson Thinks Swiftly in Time of Danger!

THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE "WE-DO-IT" BOYS, AND THEY CERTAINLY DO THINGS IN A THRILLING, SENSATIONAL WAY--TANGLING WITH CROOKS, KILLERS, AND COUNTERFEITERS! JOIN STEVE AND HIS SIDE-KICK, PLOOPIE, AS THEY LIVE UP TO THEIR REPUTATION AS THE CRIME CRUSHERS!

CC-646

STEVE AND PLOOPIE HAVE HIT ANOTHER STRETCH OF BAD BUSINESS!

NO BUSINESS--NO FOOD--NO NOTHING! ALL WE GOT IS CREDITORS!

AND THAT SCAVENGER LANDLORD OF OURS IS HAUNTING US FOR FORTY-FIVE BUCKS RENT! WE CAN'T DUCK HIM MUCH LONGER!

OH--OH--LOOK! OUR LANDLORD!

(GULP) HE--HE'S WAITING FOR US!

MAKE FOR THE PARK--HURRY!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME TO HURRY! I'M ON MY WAY!

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS GOING TO BE HOME SWEET HOME FROM NOW ON!
NOW WE DON'T EVEN HAVE THE OFFICE TO SLEEP IN!
YOUNG MEN! YES-- YOU TWO! COME HERE A MOMENT, PLEASE!
HE'S CALLING US!
IT'S DIFFICULT FOR ME TO MOVE, WITH MY ARTHRITIS, AND MY CHAUFFEUR SPEAKS NO ENGLISH, SO I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D RUN ACROSS THE STREET AND GET ME SOME SHIRTS-- SIZE 15!
SURE THING!
A HUNDRED BUCKS! WOW!
WILL THAT BE ALL, GENTLEMEN?
YES, THAT'S ALL!
PAY THE MAN WITH THAT HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL, STEVE! I DON'T HAVE SUCH SMALL CHANGE WITH ME!
HERE IT IS, SIR!
THANK YOU! YOU'RE VERY OBLIGING! HERE'S A FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL FOR YOUR TROUBLE!
WE'RE RICH!
A FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL!
2

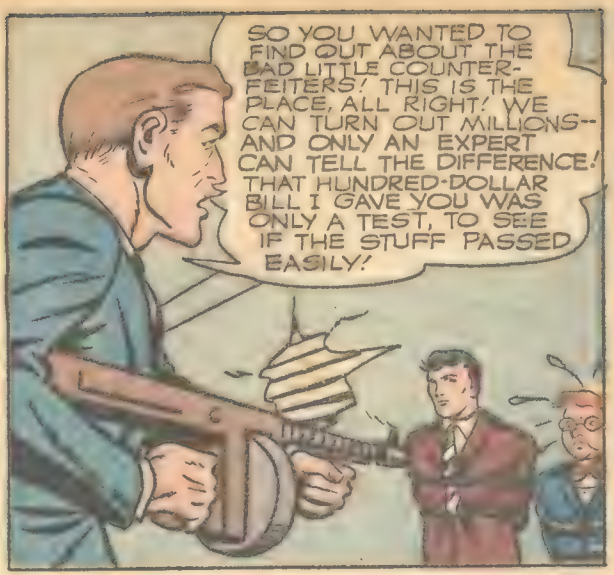
TA, TA, DE, DUM! ♫ ♪
THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR MY RENT!
PAY THE MAN HIS MEASLY PITTANCE, STEVE! HE'S ANNOYING ME!
YOU'LL PAY ME, ALL RIGHT, OR GET RIGHT OUT OF HERE!
HERE, MY GOOD MAN, IS A FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL! I HAVE NO CHANGE, SO I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO BRING IT TO ME!
A FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL! WHERE DID YOU--
GUESS YOU BOYS CAME INTO A FORTUNE, EH? HEH--HEH! I'LL BRING THE CHANGE RIGHT BACK!
WHEN WE GET THAT FIVE DOLLARS, THINK OF ALL THE HAMBURGERS WE CAN BUY WITH IT!
MY MOUTH IS WATERING! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!
MOMENTS LATER--
THERE THEY ARE! THE COUNTERFEITERS!
HUH?
THOUGHT YOU COULD FOOL ME WITH THAT FIFTY-DOLLAR COUNTERFEIT BILL, DIDN'T YOU? BUT I WAS SUSPICIOUS! I WENT TO THE BANK AND TOLD THEM TO EXAMINE IT; IT ALMOST FOOLED THEM, TOO! YOU DID A GOOD JOB--BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!
3

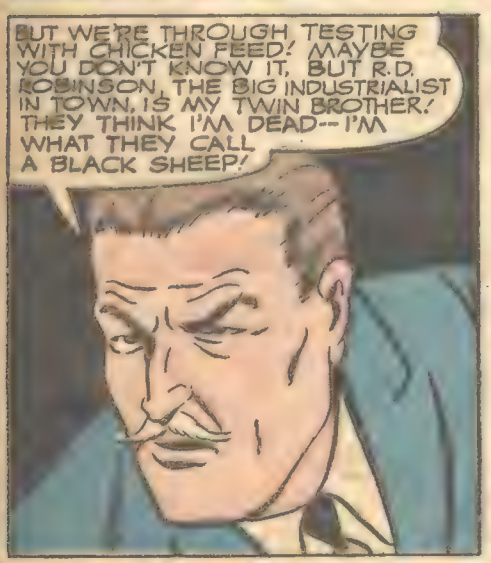
YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN TO THE STATION HOUSE AND TALK TO THE SERGEANT, BOYS! LET'S GO!
NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! WHO'S GOING TO BELIEVE THAT STORY ABOUT A MAN GIVING US A FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL? WOE IS US!
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD!
'We Do It' Boys
SORRY, OFFICER-- BUT WE'VE GOT ANOTHER APPOINTMENT! RUN, PLOOP!
HEY!
STOP! COME BACK HERE!
STOP THEM!
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
QUICK! DUCK INTO THIS DEPARTMENT STORE! WE CAN GET LOST IN THE SHUFFLE HERE!
I GUESS WE'RE SAFE HERE!
STEVE! LOOK!
SALE
IT'S THE MAN WHO GAVE US THAT COUNTERFEIT FIFTY! LOOKS LIKE HE'S DOING A LOT OF SHOPPING AND PASSING SOME MORE COUNTERFEIT MONEY!
C'MON! LET'S GET HIM! WE CAN CLEAR OURSELVES!
WAIT! LET'S FOLLOW HIM! HE MUST BE THE RINGLEADER-- MAYBE WE CAN TRAP THE WHOLE GANG!

THERE THEY GO!
JUMP ON THAT MOTOR-CYCLE! WE'LL HAVE TO BORROW IT--BUT IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF THE COMMUNITY!
THOSE RATS MADE US APPEAR LIKE A COUPLE OF CROOKS, AND THEY'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT--AND NOT WITH COUNTERFEIT MONEY EITHER!
EVERY TIME I THINK OF THAT LITTLE FELLOW IN THE HABERDASHERY STORE WE UNCONSCIOUSLY CHEATED, I COULD HIDE MY HEAD IN SHAME! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THAT MONEY GOOD!
MANY MILES LATER--
THAT'S THE PLACE THEY WENT INTO! THEY SURE BURIED THEMSELVES IN A LONELY SPOT!
LOOK! THEY EVEN GOT A WINDMILL AROUND HERE! BUT NOT A NEIGHBOR TO BE SEEN!
THEY MUST HAVE THE COUNTERFEIT PRESSES OUT HERE, TOO! NOBODY WOULD SUSPECT ANYTHING IN THIS DUMP!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
AT THAT MOMENT, A "SOUND WATCHMAN" FLASHES ITS WARNING --
THEY MUST HAVE THE COUNTERFEIT PRESSES IN HERE, TOO! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
BLAZES! SOMEBODY'S SNOOPING AROUND DOWN AT THE GATE!
IT'S THOSE TWO WE PALMED ONE OF THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS OFF ON! I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY TRACKED US OUT HERE--BUT WE GOT TO GET 'EM--
FAST! GET GOING!

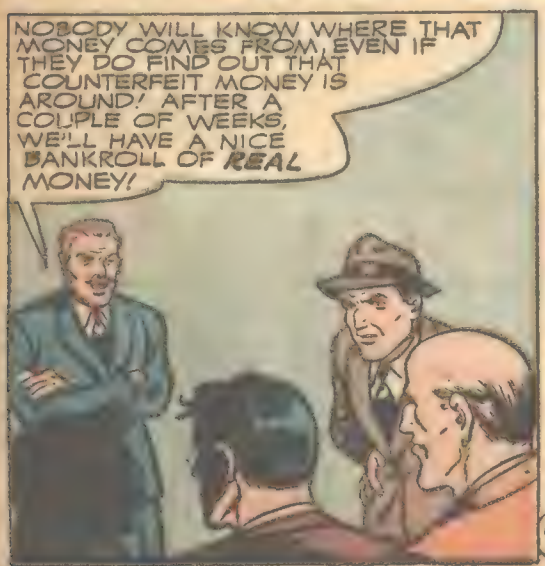
NOBODY IN THERE!
TURN AROUND AND YOU'LL SEE PLENTY!
HUH?
PUT YER HANDS UP-- AND NO MONKEY BUSINESS! WE KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF NOSEY PUNKS!
THE ONLY PLACE I'M GOING TO PUT MY HANDS IS ON YOUR CHIN!
MY--MY-- DO YOU CARRY CUSHIONS IN THERE?
POW!
OOOF!
I FIND A NICE ROUND BALL OF FIST VERY EFFECTIVE!
TAKE IT AWAY!
SUDDENLY--
CAN'T YOU FOOLS HANDLE TWO YOUNG SNOOPS? GET OUT OF THE WAY!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT!
6

HOLD IT, PLOOPIE! WE CAN'T COMPETE WITH A TOMMY-GUN!
BRING THOSE TWO INSIDE!


SO YOU WANTED TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE BAD LITTLE COUNTER-FEITERS! THIS IS THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT! WE CAN TURN OUT MILLIONS-- AND ONLY AN EXPERT CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE! THAT HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL I GAVE YOU WAS ONLY A TEST, TO SEE IF THE STUFF PASSED EASILY!

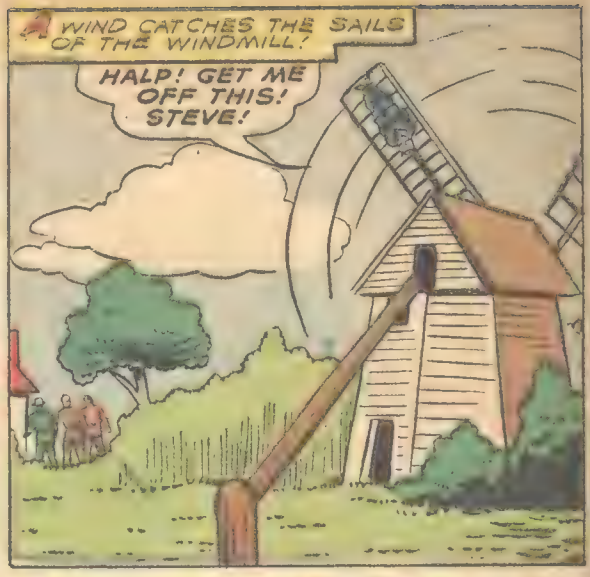

BUT WE'RE THROUGH TESTING WITH CHICKEN FEED! MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT R.D. ROBINSON, THE BIG INDUSTRIALIST IN TOWN, IS MY TWIN BROTHER! THEY THINK I'M DEAD-- I'M WHAT THEY CALL A BLACK SHEEP!

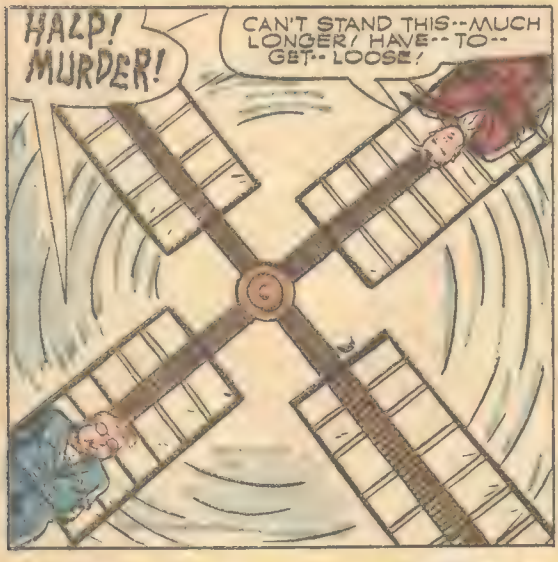
BUT I'M INTERESTED IN MY BROTHER, BECAUSE HE HAS A $100,000 PAYROLL EVERY WEEK-- AND I'M GOING TO CHANGE PLACES WITH HIM! JUST A LITTLE MATTER OF MURDER! NOBODY WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! THEN WE POCKET THE WEEKLY PAYROLL OF REAL CASH AND PAY OFF IN COUNTERFEIT BILLS!


NOBODY WILL KNOW WHERE THAT MONEY COMES FROM, EVEN IF THEY DO FIND OUT THAT COUNTERFEIT MONEY IS AROUND! AFTER A COUPLE OF WEEKS, WE'LL HAVE A NICE BANKROLL OF REAL MONEY!

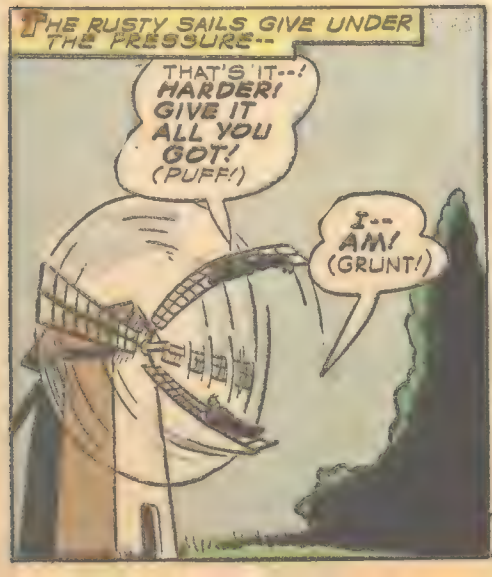
NOW WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU DON'T BLAB! TAKE 'EM OUT TO THE WINDMILL! I ALWAYS KNEW THAT THING WOULD COME IN HANDY SOME DAY!
STOP PUSHING!
ON YOUR WAY!

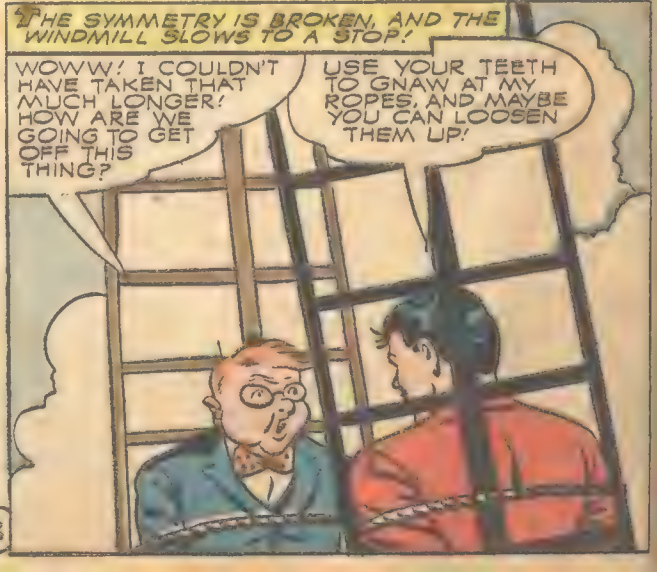
TIE 'EM TIGHT! NOBODY WILL NOTICE THEM OUT HERE, AND A FEW DAYS ON THAT MERRY-GO-ROUND OUGHT TO FINISH THEM OFF!

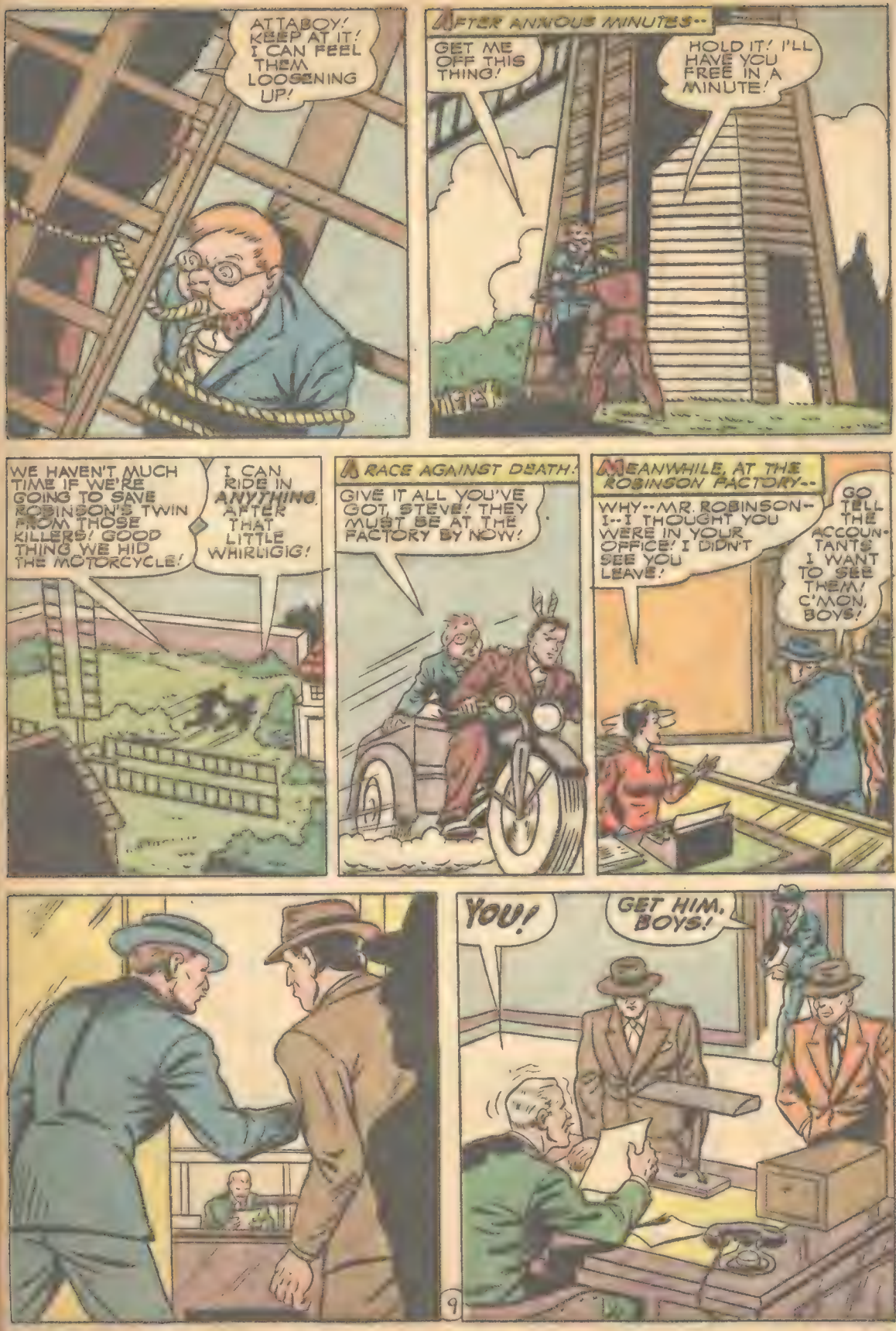

A WIND CATCHES THE SAILS OF THE WINDMILL!
HALP! GET ME OFF THIS! STEVE!


HALP! MURDER!
CAN'T STAND THIS--MUCH LONGER! HAVE--TO--GET--LOOSE!

A DESPERATE PLAN...
PLOOPIE! LISTEN! THROW YOUR WEIGHT FORWARD! CAN YOU HEAR ME? THROW YOUR WEIGHT FORWARD!


THE RUSTY SAILS GIVE UNDER THE PRESSURE--
THAT'S IT--! HARDER! GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT! (PUFF!)
I--AM! (GRUNT!)


THE SYMMETRY IS BROKEN, AND THE WINDMILL SLOWS TO A STOP!
WOWW! I COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THAT MUCH LONGER! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OFF THIS THING?
USE YOUR TEETH TO GNAW AT MY ROPES, AND MAYBE YOU CAN LOOSEN THEM UP!


ATTABOY! KEEP AT IT! I CAN FEEL THEM LOOSENING UP!
AFTER ANXIOUS MINUTES--
GET ME OFF THIS THING!
HOLD IT! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE!
WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE ROBINSON'S TWIN FROM THOSE KILLERS! GOOD THING WE HID THE MOTORCYCLE!
I CAN RIDE IN ANYTHING, AFTER THAT LITTLE WHIRLIGIG!
A RACE AGAINST DEATH!
GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT, STEVE! THEY MUST BE AT THE FACTORY BY NOW!
MEANWHILE, AT THE ROBINSON FACTORY--
WHY--MR. ROBINSON--I--I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN YOUR OFFICE! I DIDN'T SEE YOU LEAVE!
GO TELL THE ACCOUNTANTS I WANT TO SEE THEM! C'MON, BOYS!
YOU!
GET HIM, BOYS!

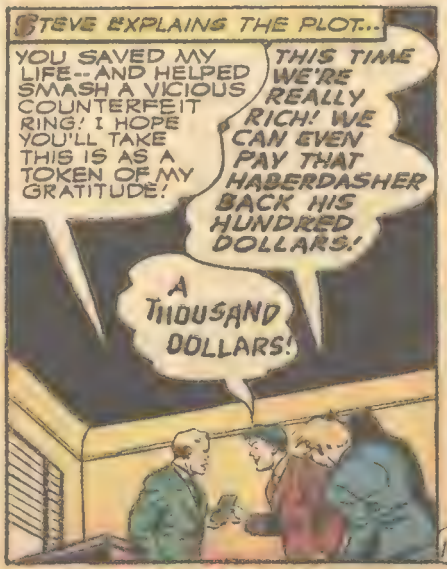
NICE WORK! PUT HIM IN THAT CLOSET UNTIL I FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET RID OF HIS BODY! THE ACCOUNTANTS WILL BE UP HERE SOON!
UNHH!
CRACK!

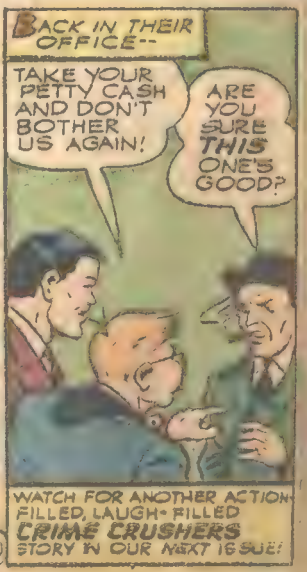
SUDDENLY--
THERE THEY ARE!

YOU'LL FIND THIS A VERY GENUINE SOCK!
STEP UP AND GET YOUR SHARE, BOYS! PLENTY MORE WHERE THESE CAME FROM!
WHAM!

WE DON'T PLAY FAVORITES! HERE'S ONE FOR YOU!
HERE'S MR. ROBINSON! HE WAS SLUGGED!
BAM!

WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE--
YOU CAN TAKE THEM DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS, OFFICER! I'LL BE DOWN LATER TO PREFER CHARGES!
RIGHTO, MR. ROBINSON!


STEVE EXPLAINS THE PLOT...
YOU SAVED MY LIFE--AND HELPED SMASH A VICIOUS COUNTERFEIT RING! I HOPE YOU'LL TAKE THIS IS AS A TOKEN OF MY GRATITUDE!
THIS TIME WE'RE REALLY RICH! WE CAN EVEN PAY THAT HABERDASHER BACK HIS HUNDRED DOLLARS!
A THOUSAND DOLLARS!


BACK IN THEIR OFFICE--
TAKE YOUR PETTY CASH AND DON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!
ARE YOU SURE THIS ONE'S GOOD?
WATCH FOR ANOTHER ACTION-FILLED, LAUGH-FILLED CRIME CRUSHERS STORY IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

NAVAJO BOY

By SAM BRANT

EDDIE FOSTER was spending a delightful summer vacation in Arizona. With two young friends, he set out on horseback to visit some of the cliff dwellings in the Navajo Indian country. Everything went well for the first days, but after camping one night they awoke to find that their horses had drifted away. This was serious because the boys had been depending on the instincts of the horses to take them back home.

"Boy, oh, boy," said Eddie to George and Alvin, his friends, "we're in for it, now! We'll never be able to get back to the railroad. When you're out in the country like this, you're likely to travel around in circles."

The boys, greatly upset, tried to figure ways to get back to the railroad line. They knew that once they found the tracks they could reach a town.

While they were talking things over, a young Navajo Indian boy about their own age came into the camp. He gave the sign of greeting and said: "Me Young Eagle, come from over north. See tracks of running horses. You boys lose horses?"

"Yes," replied Eddie, "and I guess that means we're stranded out here. Do you know the way to the railroad tracks?"

Young Eagle shook his head slowly. His hand raised and moved around the horizon slowly, then he said: "Young Eagle never travel that far from pueblo. But maybe can help white brother. You know which way is shining rails?"

Eddie Foster studied the Indian lad, saw that he was clad in a cotton drill outfit, and wore a colored cloth band around his glossy black hair. Over his shoulder there was a quiver of arrows and an osage orange bow.

"The rails are due South of here," Eddie declared. "I know enough about tracking

to know that we might use the sun as a guide. But we don't want to get lost out here in this wild country."

"That is wise," agreed Young Eagle. "Since the sun is moving from East to West, you must remember to set your course accordingly. In the morning the sun would be on your left. At noon it would be overhead, and in the afternoon it would be to your right."

"No wonder people walk around in circles," Eddie Foster said. "But how do you Indians travel in a straight line?"

"That I will show you," Young Eagle declared. "But first we will break camp and gather up your things."

When the packs were rolled together, and the boys had them on their backs, Young Eagle sighted by the sun, checked his variations, then calmly drew his osage orange bow from his shoulder. He tightened the string, and took two long arrows from his quiver. He notched one arrow to the bow-string, aimed straight ahead of him toward the South, and let fly. The arrow flew straight and true for several hundred feet and came to earth, still pointing South. The boys followed along until they were fifteen or twenty feet from the arrow.

"Now I get the idea," Eddie said with a smile. He took the bow from Young Eagle and fired the second arrow past the first one, and due South.

"White boy is clever. He catches on fast," the Navajo said calmly. "I will make you a present of the bow and arrows. You will find that the arrows are well made and they should bring you to the railroad track by nightfall."

Eddie and his young friends thanked the Indian, and then followed the trail the arrows blazed for them. Late in the afternoon they sighted the Southern Pacific tracks and camped in sight of safety for the night. They would never forget their friend Young Eagle.

Young Eagle Blazes a Trail for Three Friends!

SAMUEL SPANIEL
AC-631
SAMUEL'S BED
SAMUEL'S BED

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Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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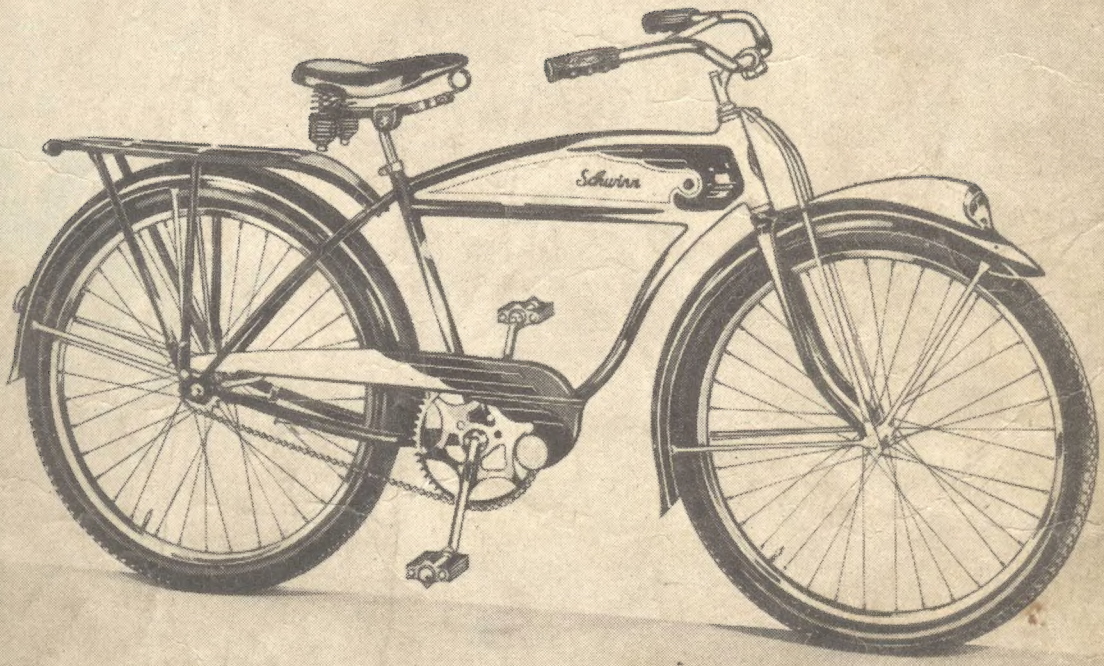

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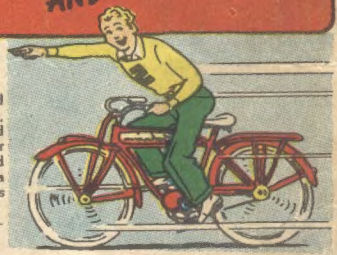

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